THE

INTERVIEW;

OR

JACK FALSTAFF's GHOST.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

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A

POEM.

INSCRIBED TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

——————— The Times have been
That when the Brains were out,
The Man would die, and there an End,
But now they rise again ——— MACBETH.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR,

And Sold by S. BLADON, in PATER-NOSTER ROW:

And F. BLYTH, at JOHN's Coffee-House, next the ROYAL EXCHANGE.

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THE

INTERVIEW.

"WELL what to day?" old Bookworm cries
To Puff, of whom he always buys;
"What nothing to engage attention,
No produce of a bard's invention!
No ſatire, no ſcurrility
Againſt the preſent m-----y!
No *pro* or *con* of Pitt and B---,
Or the facetious *one-legg'd* Foote!
No true account, or cook'd-up lye
Of theſe ſtrange beings *nine feet high!*

On poets ſurely there's a ſpell,
Or elſe you do not pay them well."
" This, Sir, you have not ſeen that's new,"
" What is it?" " Sir, the INTERVIEW;
JACK FALSTAFF'S GHOST, a fund of whim."
" Why what the Devil troubles him?
Some catchpenny to take fools in,
I'll have it, though not worth a pin."

P'ſhaw! pox on this digreſſive ſtuff,
Let's ſee the Ghoſt, and that's enough.
The reader's pardon I implore,
And promiſe to offend no more,
Sorry for having made him wait,
My narrative I now relate.

It was the time when Morpheus reign'd,
And round the globe his ſway maintain'd

When

When mortals, freed from daily pains,
Are laid faſt bound in poppy chains;
When only *guilt* is kept awake,
By fears the ſtings of conſcience make;
And *avarice* his pillow leaves
To guard his darling gold from thieves.
The pariſh clock had told the hour
When hell's dark agents ſhew their pow'r,
Magicians, fairies, hags and ſprites,
In woods and caves perform their rites;
Prognoſticating owls gave warning
The ſick man could not live till morning;
The moon, bright Empreſs of the night,
Her court now held in borrow'd light;
Her ſtarry train too added luſtre,
Like Lords and Ladies in a cluſter:

When Roscius*, Drury's potent King,
Of whom far diſtant climates ring,
And Britiſh bards with rapture ſing,
Whoſe equal never can be found,
While ſtrutting here or under ground,
From public ſplendor, ſmoke and noiſe,
To Hampton's far more ſolid joys
Had late retir'd—in ſolitude,
With contemplation's penſive mood,
He often took delight to join
At his lov'd Shakeſpear's ſacred ſhrine.
In bed he lay, but only doz'd,
Sleep had not yet his eyelids clos'd,
Projects revolving in his brain,
The greedy town to entertain,

* David Garrick, Eſq;

New

New pieces, pantomimes and play'rs,
To fill his bags and empty theirs.
When lo! before him ſtood in view
An airy form, he ſcarcely knew;
From what it was ſo alter'd quite,
As different as day and night:
All that was left of poor * JACK FALSTAFF,
Who, when exiſting, made us all laugh.
The roſy gills, that us'd to tell
How much the Knight lov'd living well,
Were *pale as any clout*, and ſunk;
The *portly belly* too was ſhrunk,
That paunch, which we on record find
With ſack and ven'ſon always lin'd,
That *hill of fleſh*, ſo huge was gone,
And *wither'd like an apple, John.*

---

* Mr. JAMES QUIN, late celebrated COMEDIAN.

The ſpirit ſmil'd upon his hoſt,
A thing uncommon in a Ghoſt:
In whiſtling accent thus began,
Attentive was the *Little Man.*

" This unexpected viſitation,
I ſee, has rais'd your admiration,
But wonder not, ſince all agree
A Ghoſt is no ſuch rarity.
In London, ſcarce a man of note
Is ſtow'd in Charon's crazy boat,
Ere goſſip Fame begins to talk,
The apparition's ſeen to walk;
Chimera's in the brain it hatches,
Hark! how it rattles, *knocks* and *ſcratches*;
Our annals ſtain'd with Fanny's rout,
Her own long nails can ne'er get out.

Roſcius,

Roſcius, I come to let you know
What paſſes in the world below:
What joy we feel, no words can tell
In hearing all our friends are well.
Take courage man, be bold and free,
As you and I were wont to be."
The monarch bow'd---" Then liſt to me.

" When doom'd to tread this ſtage no more,
And landed on Elyſium's ſhore,
My old acquaintance I eſpy'd,
Ryan, who *ſlander*'s tongue defy'd.
Long-parted friends are glad to meet;
He led me to his bliſsful ſeat;
Down on a flow'ry bank we ſate,
And enter'd into ſocial chat;
Recall'd paſt pleaſures, that occurr'd
When o'er our bottle and our bird;

Enquir'd

Enquir'd for thoſe we lov'd the beſt,
And you, great Sir, among the reſt.
He wiſh'd to hear how matters went,
In the *theatric* government:
If acting now was juſt the ſame,
And men of ſenſe rever'd his name?
I told him (and I told him true)
The ſtage would dwindle but for you:
That Rowe and Shakeſpear's tragic ſtrain,
Johnſon and Congreve's comic vein,
Were ONLY heard at Drury-Lane.
Buffoonery was gaining ground,
And ſenſe oblig'd to yield to ſound.
That merit was left unregarded,
And impudence the beſt rewarded.
The honeſt Vet'ran ſhook his head,
Said he, it glads me that I'm dead;

To

To live, and ſee what you impart,
Would certainly have broke my heart."

With gratitude and friendſhip warm'd,
Roſcius then begg'd to be inform'd,
How far'd his Grace of DEVONSHIRE,
That truly noble, much-wrong'd Peer.

" With joy he bears his happier lot,
(All former injuries forgot)
No longer wiſhes to be great,
Perplex'd with title, pomp and ſtate:
Thinks favours ſhower'd down by Kings,
Like him and I, mere airy things:
The gaudy ſtar upon the breaſt,
A luckleſs planet at the beſt:
Yearns to be told if all his friends,
In *Freedom*'s cauſe have gain'd their ends?

If the proud *Scot*, long honour'd moſt,
At length is driven from his poſt?
If old N———e keeps his place,
Or S-----h dares to ſhew his face?
If WILKES is ſuffer'd to come home,
Or forc'd, like *wand'ring Jew*, to roam?
He and brave * WILLIAM anxious wait
To hear unhappy England's fate:
For ſtill within each loyal heart,
Their King and country ſhare a part;
And all their future pray'rs will be,
To bleſs them both eternally."

For CHURCHILL next, that jolly bard,
Who fell a martyr drinking hard:

---

* His Royal Highneſs the DUKE of CUMBERLAND.

That

That name which echo'd far and near,
And made the proudeſt ſtand in fear:
For whom each Briton was concern'd,
The Monarch aſk'd---The Knight return'd.

" You'd burſt to ſee a change ſo droll,
You could not help it for your ſoul.
For know, it is decreed, my friend,
When life's gay ſcene is at an end,
When baniſh'd from our native clay,
A debt that ev'ry one muſt pay,
Ere we can croſs the river Styx,
We leave behind our vicious tricks.
So he, who was a *Buck* of late,
Is now religious and ſedate;
On all his actions keeps reſtraint,
And is a perfect modern ſaint;

Says

Says they are damn'd whoe'er have been
To play-houſes, thoſe ſinks of ſin;
Where Satan and his imps conſpire
To get more fuel for his fire:
With vehemence then lays great ſtreſs
On dreſſing, whoring, drunkenneſs:
Calls poets blockheads, fools and mad men,
They who abuſe their betters bad men.
In all the Tottenham canting ſtrain,
Beats W———d, M—d—n and R—m—e.

" HOGARTH is ſtill a prey to grief,
Elyſium can't afford relief,
Ah! why did I, the artiſt cries,
By politicks expect to riſe;
Become a tool to Scottiſh pride,
Happy for me I'd ne'er comply'd;

I ſhould have kept within my ſphere,
I had not then ſo ſoon been here;
Like Icarus, I ſoar'd too high,
And for my folly doom'd to die.
I only wiſh to live again,
(Revenge is ſweet, though living pain)
To trounce thoſe raſcals S**** and S****,
Who, in deſpite of juſtice, dare
To take advantage now I'm dead,
And wrong my *widow* of her bread;
Like roguiſh Jews, and harden'd Turks,
Have ſtole and mangled all my works.
Is this a recompence at laſt,
For all my ſkilful labours paſt?
Witneſs my univerſal *line*,
So *beautifully* Serpentine:
My *Sigiſmunda*, maſter-piece!
Excelling Italy and Greece.

Have I no friend to take my part,
And bring the villains to a *cart?*"

" How great a ſhock, then *Reſcius* cry'd,
The Drama felt when CIBBER died:
When *death's pale flag* appear'd in view,
Melpomene expir'd too:
And Nature thus was heard complain,
I ne'er ſhall ſee her like again."

" The plaintive dame, Sir JOHN replies,
Would fill each gazer with ſurpriſe;
Such penitents, I fear are few,
Caliſta was not half ſo true;
Trembles at what ſhe was before,
Nor even thinks of S****r more.

" The

" The LOVELY * PEGGY, once the gay,
Whoſe charms made old and young obey:
Whoſe breeches brought as many down,
As did her petticoat and gown,
(Here *Roſcius* heav'd a tender ſigh,
He beſt can tell the reaſon why)
As great a penitent is grown,
With hands and eyes to heaven thrown,
She prays devoutly to her maker,
And looks like any pretty Quaker,"

Of *Johnny Rich*, their worthy Maſter,
Poor † *The.* who met with ſad diſaſter:

---

* Mrs. WOFFINGTON, late Actreſs, celebrated for her excellent performance in the character of Sir HARRY WILDAIR.

† Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER, late Comedian, drowned in going over to IRELAND.

And * *Harry Fielding*, whoſe keen pen
Could *pain* or *pleaſure* give to men:
Hoadley, whoſe ſprightly genius ſhines
In madcap *Ranger*'s eaſy lines:
White-beaver'd *Naſh*, of *Bath* and beaux
The ſov'reign Prince, as record ſhews:
Old liſping *Taſwell*, *Bencraft* merry,
With Monſieur *Blakes* and growling *Berry*:
And many more he would have ſpoke,
With whom they us'd to laugh and joke.
But *Phœbus* harneſſing his ſteeds
The Knight obſerv'd, and thus proceeds:
" The roſy morn comes on a-pace,
And tells me, I muſt quit the place:
While time permits, before we part,
Accept the council of my heart.

---

* This Gentleman was both JUSTICE of PEACE and POET.

" Since

" Since *Fortune*, by a lucky hap,
Has thrown her favours in your lap;
And ſtill proclaims it o'er and o'er,
That you deſerve them all, and more:
Let not the ſordid love of gain
Debaſe your mind, your laurels ſtain;
He who becomes a ſlave to pelf,
Believe me, is no friend ſelf.
What moſt we think will bliſs obtain,
Proves oftentimes our greateſt pain.
The ſtage our anceſtors deſign'd
To teach, and not corrupt mankind,
Vice was not ſuffer'd to controul,
But *virtue manag*'d then the whole.
A public ſchool, where thoſe, who bleſt
With talents far above the reſt,
By ſtudy and inſtruction's aid,
Might uſeful ornaments be made.

To budding Genius ne'er refuſe
Your foſt'ring hand, whene'er it ſues.
Should any youth, by you inſpir'd,
With hopes of future glory fir'd,
Attempt to wear the wreath of *Fame*,
And emulate a GARRICK's name:
Should his ambitious ſoul inherit
The glowing ſparks of real merit;
To make 'em blaze do all you can,
Though not preferr'd by ſome Great Man:
Obſcur'd within the vileſt earth,
The brighteſt gem oft takes its birth.
Follies of foreign growth ne'er nouriſh,
Too many of our own now flouriſh:
Let not the baleful weeds of France
And Italy, their ſong and dance,
Take root, and over-run the ſpot,
While Britiſh flowers lie forgot.

Act like the wiſe induſtrious ant,
In ſummer hoard for winter's want;
Too ſoon that dreadful time muſt come,
Old age will ſtand in need of ſome:
Through life's ſhort *part* with credit run,
Then quit it juſt as I have done."
Here ſtopp'd the Knight---briſk *Chaunticleer*
Inform'd him he muſt diſappear.
" I hear (he cry'd) the cock's ſhrill clack,
Farewel, remember poor old *JACK*."

He ſaid no more, but ſlipp'd away,
And Roscius calmly ſlept till day.

11 7 19

Nor like the wife industrious am,
In summer heard for winter's want;
To toss that dreadful time must come,
Old age will find in need of home:
Through life's short part with credit run,
Then quit it just as I have done."
Here flopp'd the Knight—brisk Chanticler
Informed him he must disappear.
"I hear (he cry'd) the cock's shrill clack,
Farewel, remember poor old JACK."

He fled no more, but flopp'd away,
And Peace calmly slept till day.